



THE LUCREZIA BORGIA OF JOURNALISM.

To poison the pages of a book, so that the mere handling of it might be fatal, was said to be a favorite method of the Borgias.



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PUCK
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Cartoons and Comments

IT'S EASY
NOW WE
KNOW.

AMONG man's achievements during the current summer is bland Mr. ROCKEFELLER's triumphant solution of the "cost of living" problem. The Oil King *emeritus* has discovered in the exodus from the cities the key to ultimate human happiness. Laborers, wage-earners, he notes, are leaving the congested districts, "and are providing themselves with homes in the outlying sections, where with little effort they supply themselves with fresh vegetables, fresh eggs, and poultry. The high cost of living," he adds blithely, "has little terror for them." This being the case, the end of trouble is in sight. All that the poor family in Essex or any other street need do is to leave the tenement behind and buy three or four lots in the suburbs. A couple doubtless would suffice for a house, but there is the farm and the chicken-run to be considered. You can't raise chickens in your neighbor's back yard. Lots may be purchased on the installment plan, and when the emancipated family holds them at last free and clear, some near-philanthropist will be glad to build them a dwelling, to say nothing of a chicken-coop and a hotbed for radishes. Of course, the price of the land would be high, almost prohibitive for any but a very well-to-do poor family, but what of that? Think of the fresh vegetables, the eggs, and the poultry. Everybody but Mr. ROCKEFELLER has had the notion up to now that most of the vacant land for miles about our cities was held at high figures, or out of use at low taxes, by real-estate speculators, but now that Mr.

ROCKEFELLER has shown the way, and it becomes generally appreciated that the only requisite to a life of peace and plenty in the suburbs is money, there will be a rush for the pleasant mead, and, demand becoming greater, the price of lots and chicken-runs will go down. Probably not all of Mr. ROCKEFELLER's views on this subject have been printed. Otherwise, we should know how a wage-earner, whose hours are long, is to overcome the necessity of living near his work. Also, how a family, which walks in the city for economy's grim sake, is going to pay daily railroad fare to and from the vegetable garden and the chicken-run. For answers to these and similar questions we blindly grope in our aimless way. This only reassures us, like a lamp in the dark. Mr. ROCKEFELLER knows, and in his own good time will tell. Get free tickets from the gentlemanly real-estate agent, go out on the Sunday Special, and look at the lots anyway.



CAUGHT IN A CLOUD-BURST.

IF THERE is anything you want to accomplish, bear in mind the power of repetition.—*New York Journal.*

Now that Mayor GAYNOR is on the high road to health, and his resumption of work in the City Hall is but a question of time, will Mr. HEARST, we wonder, still seek to accomplish through "the power of repetition" Mayor GAYNOR's political downfall? Will his papers continue to show, both in cartoon and text, the Mayor as the willing associate and co-worker of Tammany grafters? Or will he, through the power of repeated silences, strive to encourage in the public that quality of forgetfulness for which the public is already so noted?



THE WINNER OF THE SACK-RACE.

NO WONDER SHE WON; SHE HAD TRAINED IN A HOBBLE SKIRT.

NICHE FOR NOTCH.



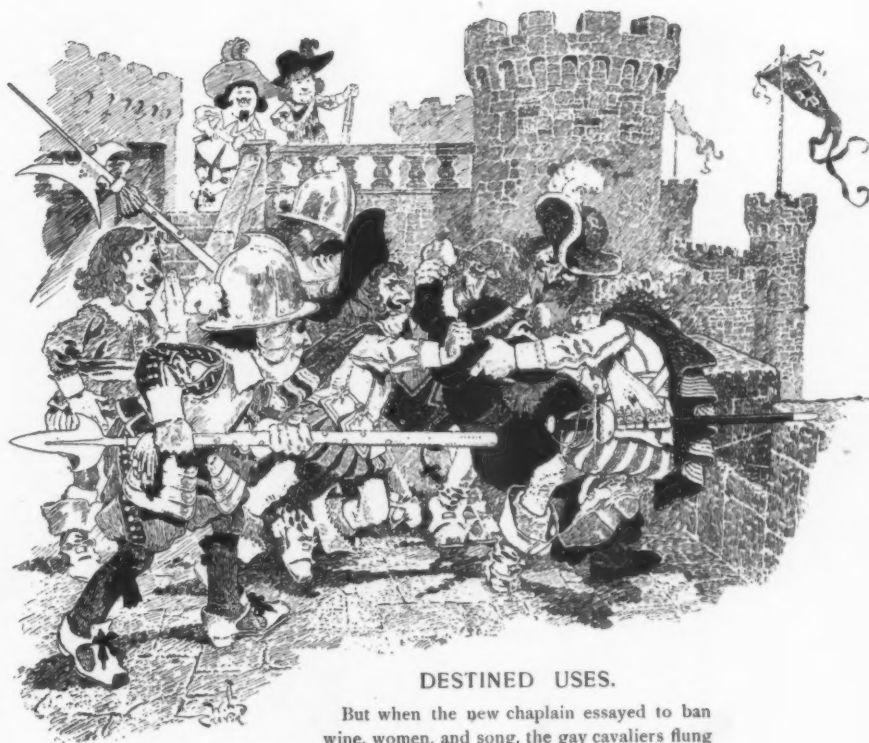
HATE to be forward in showing my joy
When a blessing descends on mankind,
For blessings, like women, are changeful and coy,
And apt to be hobbled behind;
But for several moons I've been basking in bliss
And tickling myself in the slats
O'er a gift of the gods that is nothing but this:—
The collar that swallows cravats!

No more on my rack hang the crumpled remains
Of neckties retired for age;
Why, what do I care for a couple of stains,
Or an edge where the fray is the rage?
What matters a hole where the knot ought to be?—
I can *almost* afford to buy spats!
Since I wear my old neckers where no one can see,
'Neath the collar that swallows cravats.

Of course, I admit that the loss of repose
O'ershadows the monetal gain;
For the skill to climb into contraptions like those
Would make any jugular vain.
But oh! when the "notch" does devour the stud,
Let Caesar and Cid doff their hats
To him who can conquer that desperate dud—
The collar that swallows cravats!

Chester Firkins.

MRS. SNOBBERY.—Why, it's quite the most ridiculous thing ever! The idea of her trying to break into Society when her husband has never even been indicted!



DESTINED USES.

But when the new chaplain essayed to ban wine, women, and song, the gay cavaliers flung him from the battlements.

"What else are banners for?" they protested mirthfully.

If none of us counted our chickens until they were hatched, where would the joy come in?

PUCK



NEVER MAKE LOVE —

LOVE'S CRIME.

GEORGE was a manly fellow, yet, surprising as it may seem, he was guilty of a grave charge, a criminal offence—theft, for had he not, many times, stolen kisses from his fair sweetheart?

Maude, one the most lovable of girls, was equally guilty as an accessory; she received the stolen property. Each seemed to have perfect confidence in the other, however, and when sentence was pronounced by a properly qualified official they decided to serve their time together.

They remained loyal to the end, neither making any effort to have their sentence abrogated or shortened, but during the course of their long term together several small offenses were directly chargeable to them.

J. W. D.

A MERCIFUL POEM.

DIOGENES had just returned from fruitless search all day
When it happened—but we've had enough of Diogenes, I say!

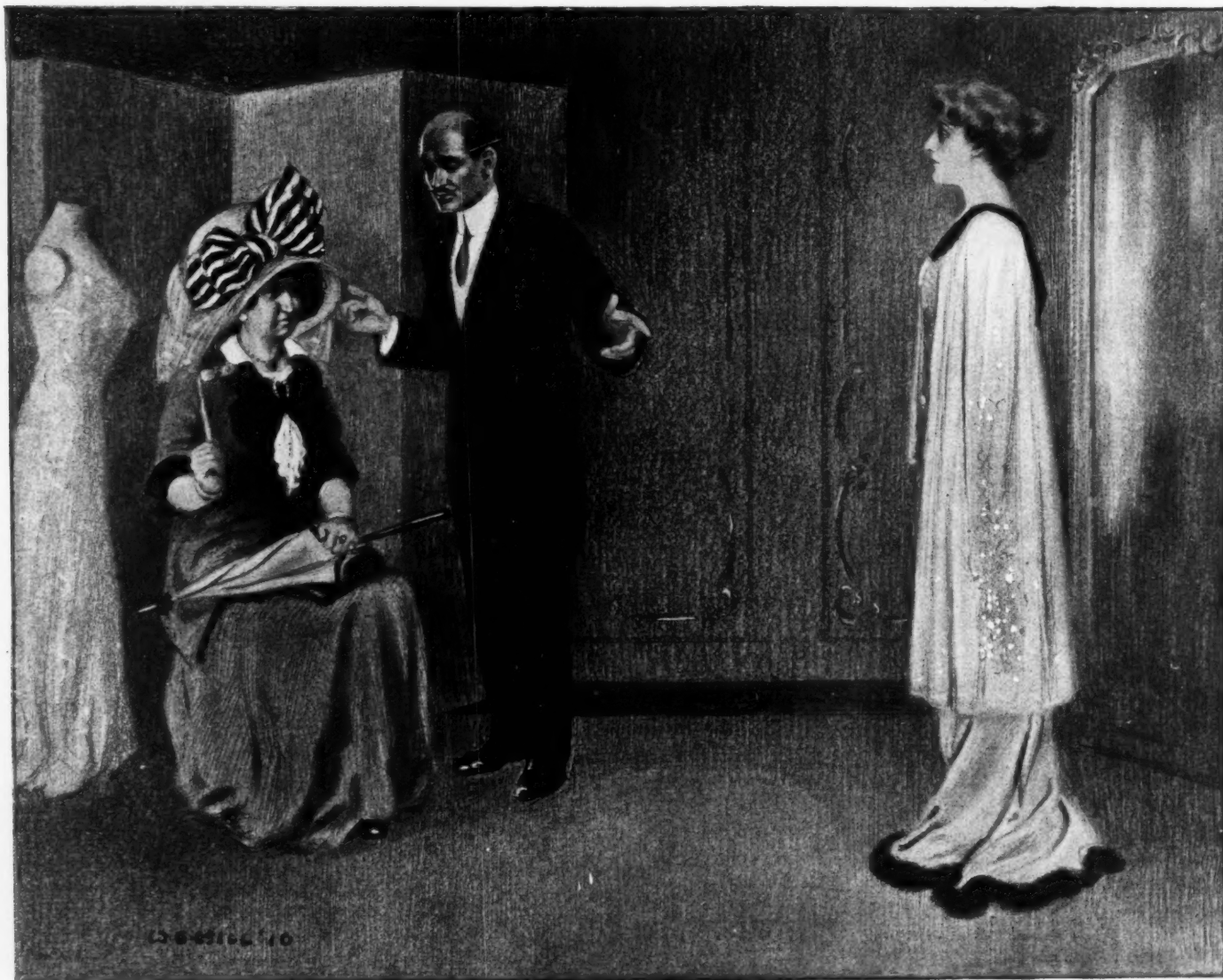
T. Roosevelt on a steamer once—but I've resolved that he
This lonely once in all his life gets no publicity!

"Oh, Papa!" little Lily cried, on seeing at the park—
But I've resolved to spare the public little Lil's remark!

The bride she carried roses, and she wore a dress—Oh pshaw!
She wore a dress and that's enough, complying with the law.

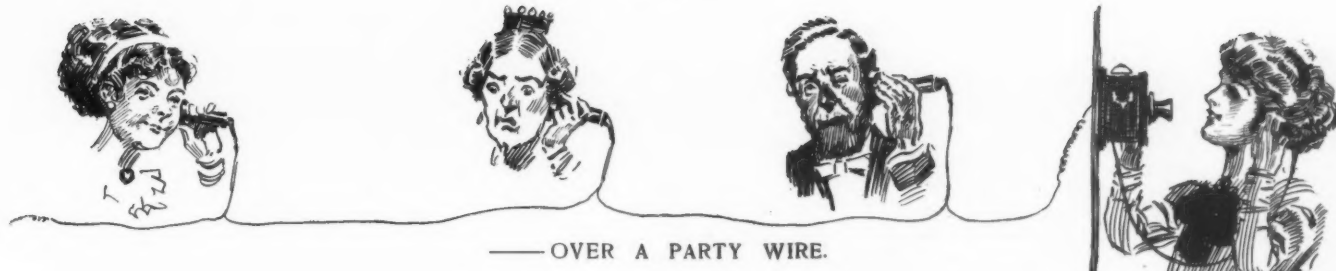
He's working in a butcher-shop! And still he is the son
Of J. — But what is that to you or me or anyone?

Hamilton Pope Galt.



NO COMPARISON.

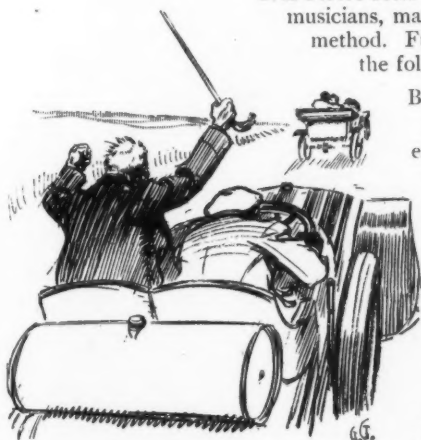
"You must also take into consideration, madame, that this model is a mere working-girl, and can never give the robe the elegant effect it will have on you."



— OVER A PARTY WIRE.

MUSIC BY MAIL.

THE man without music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, says Shakespeare. *Verbum sap.*: Get music in your soul. I teach music by mail—no instruments, no notes, no instruction needed. Nothing needed except \$2, which please send by money-order, as some postmen, I am sorry to say, are not honest. You had better send the \$2 this minute, before you forget or spend it on something foolish. My book on "Music by Mail" is absolutely unlike anything ever before seen. It is endorsed by all leading musicians, many of whom learned by this method. Full of meaty matter, of which the following are fair samples:



THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

BLOWING YOUR OWN HORN.

Most persons can become expert at this in a short time. There is a great deal of unsuspected talent in this department of music. Begin by reading George Bernard Shaw's letters. Then copy carefully the "Talks With Readers" in the fifteen-cent magazines. By the end of a month of practice you will be able to strike for a raise. If you don't get it, make up your mind that the "old man" is also a subscriber for my book, "Music by Mail."

PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE.

Anybody can do this. The Vice-President of the United States learned in one day. Just think of it! There are a thousand jobs for a man who can play second fiddle to every one for the man with the first fiddle. Do you want to be in the minority? Of course not. Send \$2 this minute for further instructions.

A RIFT IN THE LUTE.

This is a familiar and not at all serious accident. Put a bit of chewing-gum over the rift; or, if the audience is not a fastidious one, never mind the rift—play ahead.

HARPING ON THE SAME OLD STRING.

You can easily recognize this string. It is the fourth on the left, going down the instrument. This is a favorite with elderly gentlemen who frequent clubs. Drop in some time and see what an effect some old chap in the corner produces when he begins to harp. Everybody will say admiringly: "I've heard that one before!" and go to the farther side of the room, it being well known that music sounds better at a little distance.

WHISTLING FOR ONE'S MONEY.

This is an old kind of whistling, with many modern improvements. It is a favorite in Wall Street, and is usually played with infinite pathos after the departure of the trusted bank employee who received a salary of \$12.50 per week. Send \$2 now, and get fuller instructions.

I am surprised, positively astonished, that I can sell this book so cheaply. A thousand and one good things, like the above samples, grace its pages. Much money has been made in music. Strauss, Puccini, Wagner, Charles K. Harris—were all poor once. You can do the same. Better act quick. *Prof. Piper, per Freeman Tilden.*

THE TRUCE.

YASSAH, me and de wife o' muh buzzom, we squabbles consid'able," admitted Brother Ramsbottom. "De reason, I 'magine, sah, is uh-kaze we differs so—sometimes we differs *wid* each udder, an' den ag'in we differs *fum* each udder; but we allus differs. De lady am a Shoutin' Meferdist, for one thing, uh-whilest I's been mar'd so long dat I's come to be a Noonitarian—dat is, Brudder Wadkins, I b'lieves everybody am uh-gwine to hell an' I'm glad of it. But dar was one time when me an' muh wife 'greed newnanimous; dat was when de house kotched uh-fiah—we bofe wanted to git out 'n de do' fust. Yassah, we sho' 'greed, dat time!"

(CROOKED SMILE)

WHAT'S THE USE.

WEEP and you're called a baby,
Laugh and you're called a fool,
Yield and you're called a coward,
Stand and you're called a mule,
Smile and they'll call you silly,
Frown and they'll call you gruff,
Put on a front like a millionaire—
And some guy calls your bluff!

W. B. Kerr.

DIZZY HEIGHTS.

SO SHE ranks pretty high, you say, as an emotional actress?"
"Oh yes; but not high enough to speak unintelligibly."



ON THE PREHISTORIC STAGE.

LEADING MAN.—What's the matter? Did she faint?
JUVENILE.—Matter enough. Some admirer threw a bouquet, and his card hit the star on the head!

The manly art of self-defense seems definitely to have joined the numerous other arts which have ceased to be art for art's sake.



THE TEMPTATION OF EVE.
AS A SOCIETY ARTIST WOULD HANDLE IT.

NO SHELTER FOR HER IN ALL NEW YORK.

SIGHT at the St. Midas Home for Working-Girls. The hum and hurry of the great city has ceased, and here, in the haven founded by philanthropic citizens, the humble toilers in the paper-box factories and in the ready-made clothing emporiums, the shops and the busy offices of downtown brokers, have assembled to read by the brilliant electric lights, in comfortable surroundings, the evening papers and the well-thumbed latest *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Half a hundred, more or less, the inmates lounged about upon the morris chairs, and reclined negligently upon the divans which were carelessly grouped in every corner of the spacious reading-room. For, with its modest endowment of \$5,000,000, the St. Midas Home for Working-Girls was able to please every one of the hard-working and homeless girls who had been able to come beneath its sheltering wings.

Suddenly the door opened, and a slim young girl, neatly but poorly dressed, entered. The girl seemed timid and half frightened, and nervously clutched a large handbag, old and worn, the catch of which failed to work, so that the bag seemed half open.

Mrs. Grubb, the stout, kindly-hearted matron, stepped forward to welcome the newcomer.

"I am Gwendolyn Gough, of Cohoes," asserted the girl nervously. "This is my first night in the great city alone, and I know not where to turn. Do you suppose you could take me in for the night?"



WORSE THAN THAT.

THE MOSQUITO (*exhausted*).—I'm from Missouri no longer in regard to the existence of boneheads!

"Bless my soul, I know you're all right!" cried the cordial Mrs. Grubb. But suddenly she hesitated, and a stern, relentless coldness seemed to strike a chill to Gwendolyn's heart.

WHEN HE STARTS TO STEAL SECOND.



BLEACHERITE.—Stick to first, you Turk! You don't want to steal! They'll catch you by a mile!



"There he goes, the darn fool! They'll get him sure!"



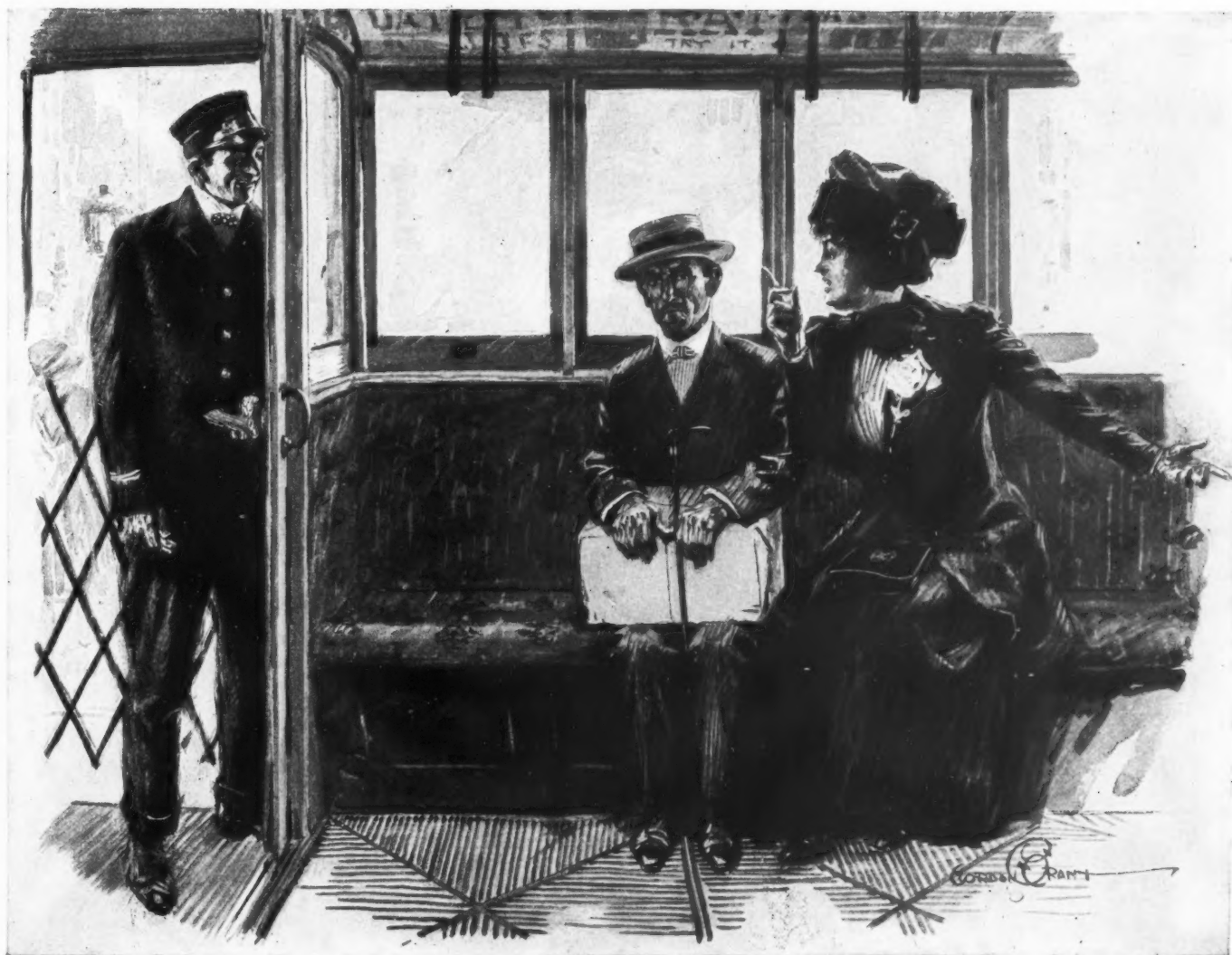
"Gee, he certainly can run some!"



"Slide, you rummy! Slide!"



"Aw, I knew he could make it!"



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

THE CONDUCTOR.—Transfer, sir?

THE MARRIED MAN (*very much to himself*).—Oh, if I only could!

"What's that paper in your satchel?" demanded Mrs. Grubb. Gwendolyn, with a hurried exclamation, sought to close her hand-bag, but too late. Mrs. Grubb reached forth and extracted a large bundle of yellow copy-paper and a lead-pencil.

"You are a reporter!" she declared dramatically. "Do not deny it. Only young reporters, of both sexes, carry large bundles of copy-paper so every one can see it. That lead-pencil gives away your secret. Out into the night you go, Gwendolyn Gough, and find shelter elsewhere. There is no room for you here in the St. Midas Home for Working-Girls."

The grateful, glad eyes of Gwendolyn Gough beamed with gratitude at being turned away from the St. Midas Home.

"Thank you so much," she declared. "I wondered why you did n't turn me away instantly. The city editors informed me you always did."

"How did I know you were a lady reporter, sent out on your first assignment?" demanded Mrs. Grubb. "Now you go along and get turned away from all the Homes, and then come back here and I'll give you some coffee and a warm place to sleep. Run along, little girl. You see, this is a real charitable institution, which helps everyone to make a living, and I know you won't be able to get the kind of a story your city editor wants unless you're turned away from every shelter in this great city. But I'll keep a light burning for you, dearie, no matter how late you're out to-night."

Gwendolyn Gough, her heart filled with happiness, darted to the nearest street-car, and filled many copy pages with ample notes while *en route* to the next place.

Thanks to the kind telephone messages which Mrs. Grubb sent ahead, the night's work was easy for Gwendolyn Gough. At the Stonefeller Sheltering Arms for Penniless Girls, the matron, obeying the tip, turned her brusquely from the door with the remark: "We

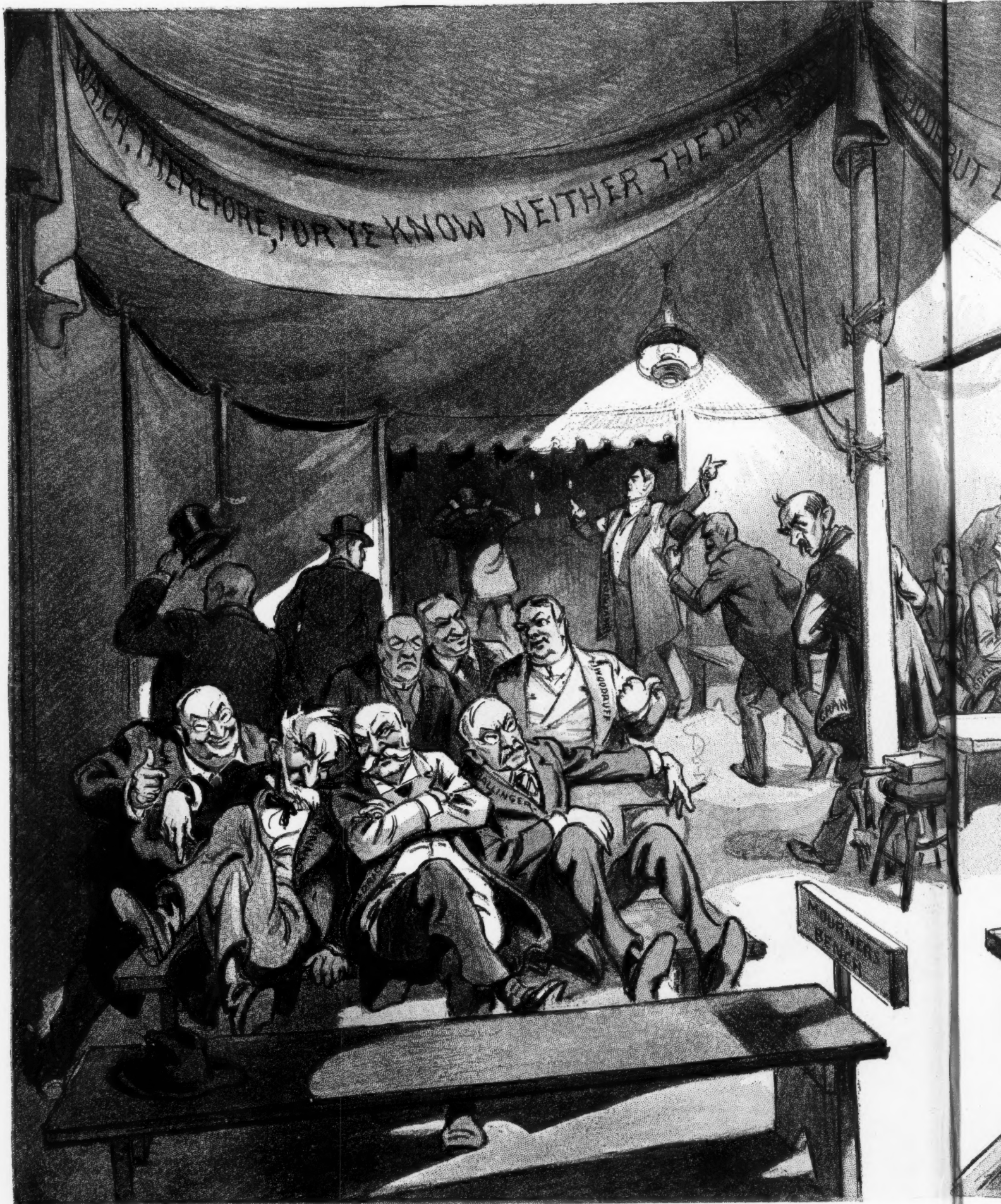
only take in girls who can give city references, and yours are from Troy and Cohoes. We have no room for such as you."

At the Night Rest for Cultured Needlewomen the fair young girl burst into tears when told there was no room for her, as she brought no references from well-known people. At the Flora Bunkum Memorial Home every bed was occupied, so the matron declared with a wink, and at St. Helena's Hospice for the Homeless the good sisters regretted that the rules of the association prevented them from receiving the young girl, as they had been warned she was an impostor.

At last, after tramping the streets for three hours in a driving rain-storm, Gwendolyn Gough found her way back to the St. Midas Home for Working-Girls, rang the doorbell, and fell fainting from exhaustion, but still clutching her precious batch of copy-paper and her pencil. Kindly hands helped her into the big reading-room. Then, as she was aided by a dozen friendly, sympathetic souls to reach the elevator, Mrs. Grubb whispered to her:

"Get a good night's rest, dearie. I've given you the best room in the house, sleep as late as you please, and to-morrow I will lend you my own stenographer so you can dictate your story on 'No Shelter For Her in All New York' just like all the city editors want it every year. I've been helping out new girl reporters this way for twenty years, and I always give them the right dope for their newspapers. I'll bet every newspaper woman in Greater New York has been turned away from my door on a stormy night, but bless you, after they get the experiences they want to write up I always let them come back and use the best room in the house."

And thus did Gwendolyn Gough make her *début* into metropolitan journalism. She now leads the Sympathy Squad of lady reporters at all the popular murder trials. And she always has a kind word for an unsophisticated sister who is assigned to the standard story, "No Shelter For Her in All New York." *Will A. Page.*



THE PUCK PRESS

THE REPUBLICAN
AND THE SINNERS WON

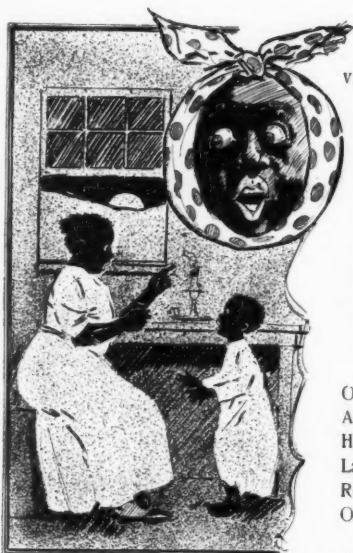


REPUBLICAN EVANGELIST,
THE SINNERS WON'T BE SAVED.

PUCK



LAND MARKS.



THE CHARM.

VAH de hill, when de sun go down, an de Shadders have a-quit deir foolin' roun', erkase dere Hain't but de one what meks de dahk, so 's de Lightnin'-bug kin strike he spahk—den yo' Heah him a-callin', dat lonesome buhd! Mo'nfullest soun' dat evah yo' huhd!

*Ecab when yo' beab dat whippo'will,
Lay a-right down, an' a-roll up bill; an' yo'
Bones woan acbe, an' yo' flesb woan shake wid de
Fecab chill fer a whole long yeab! Des yo'
Min' me, cbile!*

Ol' Aunt Sukey, what wuz so sick—
All drawed up wid de roozymatick—she
Heah dat soun', an' she know dat chahm, an' she
Lays a-right down on huh hillside fahm, an' she
Roll, an' she roll, twell she come to de top, an'
Ovah she go, kerflip!—kerflip!—

Kersouse! in de crick what run below—an' she
Nevah ain't had no pain no mo'!

Preacher-man 'lows "T wuz de bath done de trick; fer a
Crick in de back, lay yo' back in de crick." But
'T wan' dat . . . No! 'T wuz de lonesome buhd!—
Mo'nfullest singah dat evah yo' huhd! Den—

*Ecab when yo' beab dat whippo'will,
Lay a-right down, an' a-roll up bill; an' yo'
Bones woan acbe, an' yo' flesb woan quake wid de
Fecab chill fer a whole long yeab. Des yo'
Min' me, cbile!*

Frank Preston Smart.

HOURIS.

ONCE upon a time (says the Arabian tale) some
houris* were considering, not without anxiety,
how they should bestow themselves. But when a
poet passed that way, they shook their heads.

"Poetry," they promptly objected, "simply
is n't the goods!"

After the poet came a warrior, and him the
houris eyed rather hungrily.

"War is certainly lovely," they sighed, "but
everybody says it is going to be abolished, and
what then?"

To the warrior, however, succeeded a man in
the commercial way, very fat and uncomely, it is true,
but accompanied by a slave with a megaphone, who kept
shouting: "At the age of twenty-nine he was sales-manager
at a salary of \$50,000 a year and at thirty-three general
manager at a salary of \$72,000. Now he is successfully

*Houris is Arabic for "peach."

established in business for himself, and nobody knows exactly what
his income amounts to!"

"He looks good to us!" exclaimed the houris and, letting them-
selves out, they were straightway so alluring that the man in the
commercial way deigned to add them to his harem. And they
lived happily ever after.

Showing (the tale shrewdly
concludes) that if love laughs
at locksmiths, it's a pretty good
sign that locksmithing is n't
particularly lucrative.

GRAFT.

"THE directors of the
road were a pre-
cious lot of grafters."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, every last man
of them had his appendix
removed, and charged
the cost to operating
expenses."



WISER.

WHEN the man dis-
covered the mote
in his neighbor's eye, did he
make disparaging remarks and
spoil everything? No, in-
stead of that he went away
and quietly became an oculist,
and was thereupon in a posi-
tion to speak to some purpose.

"Ten dollars, please!" quoth he, the next time he looked at
his neighbor's eye; and that, pray consider, was only the beginning.

CARRIES ON.

WOGGS.—So young Saphead and his father are carrying on the
business?

BOGGS.—Yes. The old man does the business while young
Saphead does the carrying on.

RING METHODS.

ELLA.—Has Fred called on you within the last day or two?

STELLA.—Yes; but why do you ask?

ELLA.—He told me only a few days ago that I was the only girl
that he had ever kissed, and I told him to go and get a reputation.



WHAT HE'D HAVE IF HE WAS RICH.

III.—THE NEWSBOY'S NOTION.

THE MASSACRE.

EN little items, newsy—every line,

But one of them was a little unfavorable to the brother of the dramatic editor's second cousin, and it was blue penciled,—

Then there were nine.

Nine little items, each one up to date,

But one concerned a fire in the "fire-proof" apartments built by a real-estate firm which took half-page ads. in the paper daily, and the advertising manager killed it,—

Then there were eight.

Eight little items—packed in "form eleven,"

One, however, described the fatal injury of a little girl who fell through a rotten stairway in a tenement owned by the brother-in-law of the proprietor. Of course it was suppressed.

Then there were seven.

Seven little items, fresh from printers' sticks,

One was a humorous story about a goat. The business manager happened to see it, and he was certain it would anger the brewers who were just getting out their bock beer. So it also failed to "get by."

Then there were six.

Six little items—very much alive,

But one of them showed that the leader of the local political organization had been padding a payroll, and as this leader had swung the public printing to the paper it was, of course, impossible to use it.

Then there were five.

Five little items, full of truthful lore,

One exposed short weights and involved several big advertisers, so of course

Then there were four.

Four little items—gathered cleverly,

But it happened that one was secured by a reporter whom the city editor wanted to fire, so he called it "rotten" and had it killed.

Then there were three.

Three little items—each of them was true,

But the fact that the wife of the managing editor was trying to break into Society made it impossible to use the story about Mrs. De Puyster's obtaining a divorce by perjury, because Mrs. De Puyster was a social leader who was helping the managing editor's wife to "get in."

Then there were two.

Two little items—very neatly done,

But it was possible that one would displease the Church people,—

Then there was one.

One little item—lonesome little one.

And to conclude this sweet, sad tale, it appears that this bit of news might have offended the race-track owners, who had some stock in the paper, so

Then there was none.

—Berton Braley.

QUITE LIKELY.

TEACHER. — That's correct, Thomas; you *would* find an ostrich in almost any zoological garden. Now, James, where would you go to find a great auk or a dodo?

BRIGHT PUPIL. — 'Most any cold storage, ma'am.

THE States have improved so many of the roads for automobilists that it is hard for a farmer to find a road bad enough to be safe to drive on.



You
Be
The
Judge

You have been reading about the goodness of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer. But there is small satisfaction in the mere reading. If you are one of the few who have not put our claims to the test, do it to-day. Try a bottle of

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

You be the judge. We want you to note its clear, amber color—always undimmed, no matter how cold. We want you to realize that delicate hop flavor and agreeable smoothness you have not enjoyed before in beer.

The appetizing taste of the hops—the delightful bouquet of Pabst Blue Ribbon will immediately decide the beer question for you.

You will find Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer everywhere—served on Dining Cars, Steamships, in all Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.

Order a case to-day from your dealer.

Pabst Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



SO YOU'RE
GOING
HOME
TO-MORROW.

By E. Frederick.

Photogravure in Sepia,
20 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

PUCK PROOFS

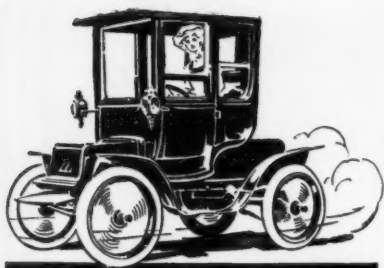
Photogravures from PUCK

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The "Babcock" Electric

Is safer and easier to handle; is faster on the level and stronger on the hills and will go farther on a single charge than any other "Electric." They cost less in the first place and they cost less to keep up. 42 cents was the average cost of repairs on "Babcock Electrics" for 1909.

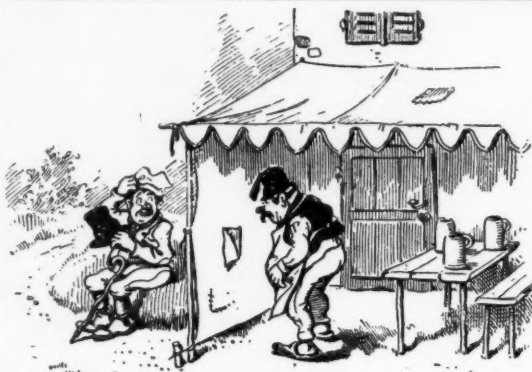
Write for Catalogue today
Babcock Electric Carriage Co.
226 West Utica Street
BUFFALO, N. Y.

White Rock

suggestions for
Warm Weather

ICED TEA

Iced tea is not only improved, but made a most unusually delicious and sparkling summer drink by the addition of WHITE ROCK, thoroughly chilled.



A STITCH IN TIME.

THE INN-KEEPER.
—There, someone has torn a hole again in the canvas of my tent. I will have to get a needle and thread and sew it.

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL can touch you



YEAR ROUND COMFORT

25¢, 50¢, \$1.00.
Dealers or direct upon receipt of price

A. STEIN & CO. Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave.
Chicago.

Lest We Forget!

MEETING an officer of the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company**, a prominent business man said, "Your advertisements are excellent. A man *ought* to know about the company in which he is insured." The officer replied, "Do you know about yours?" "No," said the business man, "not yet. I always mean to when I read your advertisements, but other things come up and I forget. Why don't you put a coupon at the bottom of the advertisement which I can fill in while I am in the notion, and send to my agent to insure me in the **Hartford**, and that will settle the matter?" "Excellent idea," said the officer of the **Hartford**.

And here it is for him and for you. Use it. The **Hartford**, now a century old, is the best known Fire Insurance Company in America. Any agent or broker will get you a policy in the **Hartford** if you tell him to do so.



STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1910

Capital	\$2,000,000.00
Liabilities	14,321,953.11
Assets	23,035,700.61
Surplus for Policy Holders	8,713,747.50

1910.

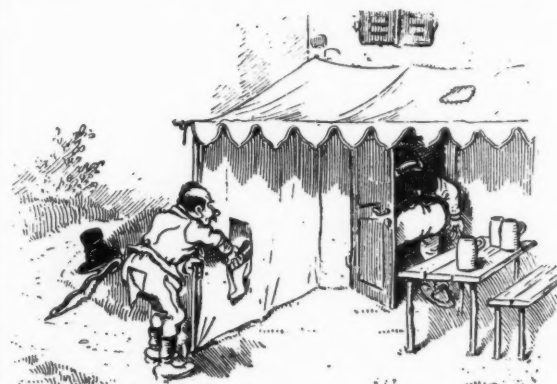
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When my fire insurance expires, please see that I get a policy in the **HARTFORD**.

Name

Address



II.

THE WEARY WANDERER.—I could make use of this opportunity. I have just such a hole in my linen pants.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

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MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00
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They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are certainly the most economical shoes for you to buy.

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Pears' Soap has never offered premiums to induce sales. It is, in itself, a prize for the complexion.

Established in 1789.

CONGRATULATIONS.

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MILICENT.—What!

MILDRED.—Yes. She is going to marry the minister in June.—*Somerville Journal*.

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"He is, that's a fact. But they play better ball in some other towns."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves:
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
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AT ALL DRUGGISTS



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has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as

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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
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THE INN-KEEPER.—Now we will be through with the matter in short order.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

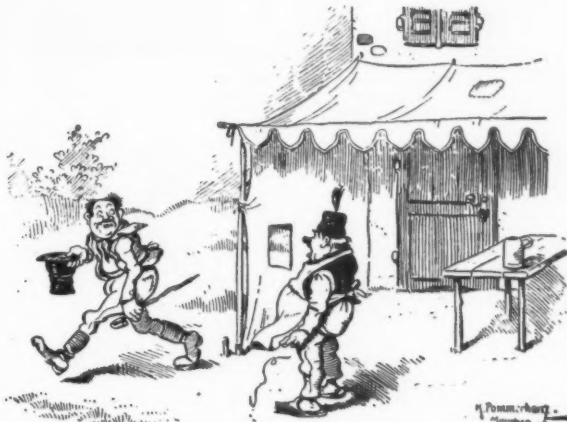
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Whiskey

"ON EVERY TONGUE."

ALWAYS UNIFORM
ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL!

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IV.

THE WEARY WANDERER.—I thank you very kindly, Mr. Inn-keeper, for having sewed my breeches so nicely.—*Lustige Woche*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

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MILWAUKEE

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Glad



Suspicious



Eager.



Literary



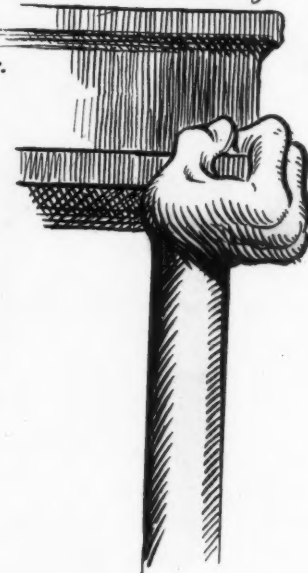
Corrupt



Beneficent



Proud



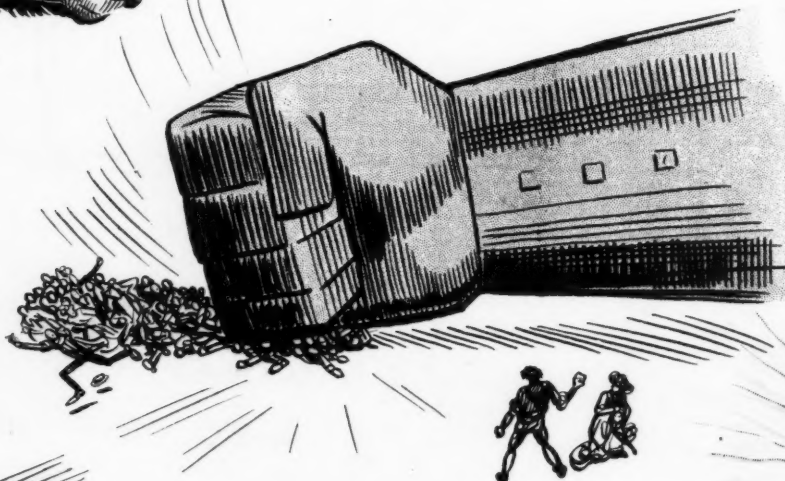
Utilitarian



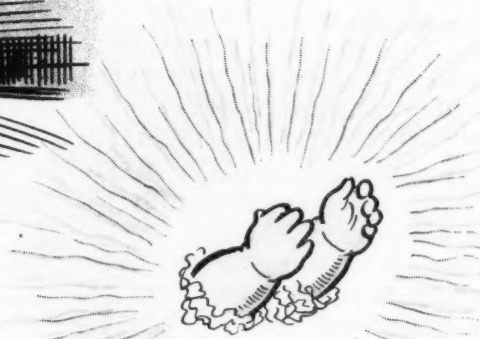
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Mr. Young



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"Oh, of course," she interrupted, "the caddie's what you put the tea in. I know what a tea-caddie is."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

LILY (looking at paper).—What absurd things these fashion papers are!

ELSIE.—Why, dear?

LILY.—There's a picture of two splendidly dressed women walking in opposite directions, and neither is looking 'round at the other to see what she's got on!—*M. A. P.*

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HALF THE COST OF IMPORTED

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, GREAT WESTERN was the Only One Awarded the Gold Medal at Paris Exposition, 1900.

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DIFFERENT NOW.

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HARDUP.—I know, sir. But they have cash-registers in all the shops now.—*St. Louis Star.*

"JACK, dear, mamma has invited us to spend our vacation with her, and you know we have n't a trunk."

"We might ask our landlord to let us take this flat with us."—*Life.*

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is a notable pictorial and personal story by Joe Chapple and members of the "National" staff who have just completed a tour of the state, and a good old-fashioned Arkansas "boost" by Opie Read, the "Arkansaw Traveler" man.

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- "Arkansas, New Word" . . . W. R. Lighton
- "Story of Black Beauty" . . . Guy Richardson
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THREE MONTHS FOR THREE DIMES

National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

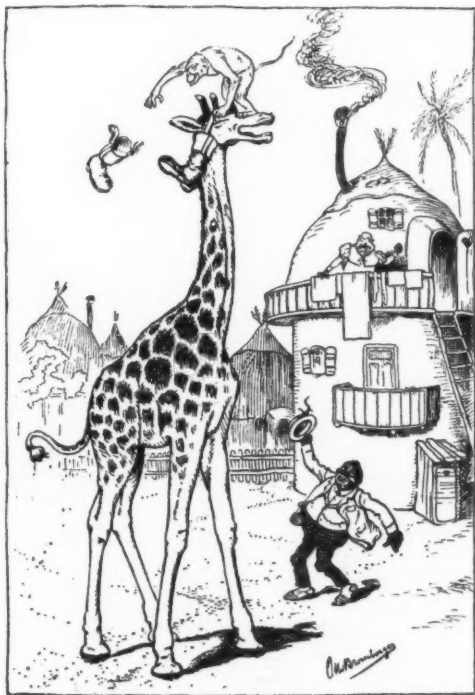
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GOOD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	BREAD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	FLOUR	GOOD	BUNS
						
SCUIT		GOLD		FOR		BRE
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	FLOUR MEDAL	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	FLOUR	GOOD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	ROLLS FLOUR
						
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GOOD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	BUNS SOLDAT	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	GROCERS	GOOD	PIES
						
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WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	FLOUR GOOD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	BREAD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	FLOUR FLOUR	
						
	GOLD		FOR		FOR	
MEDAL	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	FLOUR	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	PIES	GOOD	BREAD
						
READ		GOLD		FOR		BISC
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	FLOUR MEDAL	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	FLOUR	GOOD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	ROLLS FLOUR
						
	FOR		FOR		FOR	
GOOD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	BREAD	WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.	BUNS	GOOD	CAKE
						
SCUIT		GOLD		GOLD		BRE
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